

ANNALS  
OF THE  
NICKERSON HOME  
FOR CHILDREN,  
No. 14 TYLER STREET,  
BOSTON,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER, 1894.

VOL. LIX.

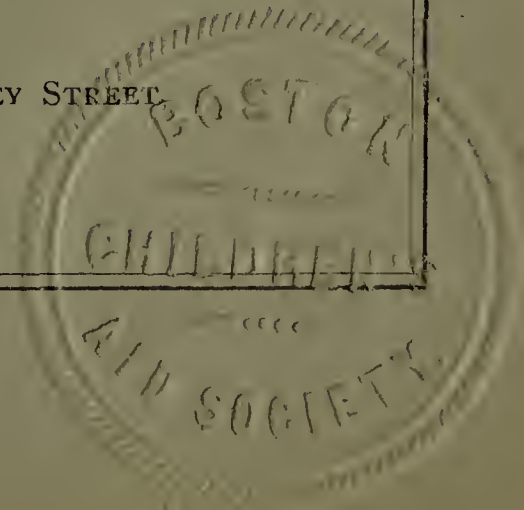
"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hands to do it."

Published by a Committee of the Society.

BOSTON:  
DANIEL GUNN & CO., PRINTERS, 31 HAWLEY STREET,  
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# Board of Officers for 1893-94.

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## *President :*

MRS. S. E. DAWES.

## *Vice-Presidents :*

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.  
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN.

MRS. A. S. HODGKINS.  
MRS. E. A. WILSON.

## *Treasurer :*

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.

## *Secretary :*

MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

## *Trustees :*

MRS. S. E. DAWES.  
MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.  
MRS. M. S. HOLWAY.

MRS. A. S. HODGKINS.  
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN.  
MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

## *Auditing Committee :*

PROF. W. D. BRIDGE.

MRS. CHARLES BESTWICK.

## *Managers :*

MRS. E. H. WILSON.  
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN.  
MRS. A. S. HODGKINS,  
MRS. E. BUMSTEAD.  
REV. MRS. M. S. BRIDGE.  
MRS. M. S. HOLWAY.

MRS. G. M. DAWSON.  
MRS. E. H. RYDER.  
MRS. W. P. BRADBURY.  
MRS. M. A. LANSIL.  
MISS C. M. HILL.  
MISS CARRIE L. BOSWELL.

## *Matron :*

LOLA C. HOLWAY.



# Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

*In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty.*

## AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled,  
by authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. SARAH HAYWARD, SUSAN B. HOLWAY, FRANCES S. KETTELLE, RUTH SEVERANCE, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation, by the name of the "LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION," to be established in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, for the purpose of establishing a Home and a school, to aid in the support and education of indigent youth, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, restrictions and liabilities set forth in the forty-fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

SECTION 2. Said corporation may receive and take by purchase, grant, devise, bequest, or donation, any real or personal property, and hold the same for the purpose aforesaid, and may manage and dispose of the same according to their discretion, provided that the whole amount of real and personal property held and possessed by the said corporation shall not exceed in value at any one time the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, April 15, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, *Speaker.*

IN SENATE, April 16, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, *President.*

Approved.

April 16, 1850.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, April 18, 1850.

I hereby certify the forgoing to be a true copy of the original act.

WM. TUFTS, *Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.*

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## AN ACT

### TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE "LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION."

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled,  
and by the authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. The "Ladies' American Home Education Society and Temperance Union," a corporation established in Boston, under the provisions of chapter two hundred and eleven of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and fifty, shall be known as the "Nickerson Home for Children," on and after the first day of April, eighteen hundred and eighty.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved March 11, 1880.

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## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I, A. B., do give and bequeath to the "NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN," the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ for the use and benefit of said Institution, to be applied by the Board of Managers thereof to the general object of the Home. And I do direct that a receipt, signed by the President and Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge.

# CONSTITUTION.

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ART. 1. This Home shall be called the NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to provide a home for destitute children, especially half orphans, when their homes are suddenly broken up by death, where they can enjoy all the comforts of a well regulated family, and be instructed, not only physically, but intellectually and religiously. For the privilege of such a home, a small board will be required, which, although not enough for the child's support, will serve to give to parents the feeling that he or she is doing what they can for the support of their little ones. A limited number of children, which will be increased as our means shall permit, will be admitted to the Home free of charge. Parents or friends may visit the children at the Home, or may remove them from it whenever their circumstances will warrant their assuming their children's support.

ART. 3. Any person paying one dollar annually shall be a member. The payment of twenty-five dollars at one time, shall constitute a life membership.

ART. 4. The officers of this Society shall be a President and Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditors, and sixteen Managers, one of whom shall officiate as Librarian. Five shall be chosen annually as Trustees, of whom the President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute a part. At any regular meeting convened, any number of the Officers and Managers present may be competent to proceed with the business in thirty minutes after the appointed hour, and five may constitute a quorum.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the President, in concurrence with the Committee, to call all special meetings, and to preside at meetings of the Board of Managers, each of which is to be opened with prayer. In the absence of the President, one of the Vice-Presidents shall preside.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all the proceedings of the Society and Board of Managers; and at each meeting for business she shall read the record of the last preceding meeting. She shall, on special occasions, notify the members of the Board, and shall assist in any other duties the Board of Managers may assign.

ART. 7. The Treasurer shall keep an account of the money received and expended, and shall present the bills due against the Home at each meeting of the Board, to be approved by them and signed by the President. She shall make a written report annually to the Managers. Such assistance shall be allowed to the Treasurer in collecting of funds, keeping of books, etc., as the Board of Managers shall deem expedient.

ART. 8. There shall be an Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers held the first Thursday in October, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., when the officers shall be chosen once in five years; but the office of each lady will only be held by the faithful fulfilment of their official duties. An Annual Report of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be presented, the report from the Board of Managers read, vacancies upon the Board filled, and such other business transacted as may come before them. Meetings of the Managers are holden at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the first Thursday of every month; Quarterly Meetings of the Board of Managers the first Thursday of October, January, April and July, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Home.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of some one or two of the Trustees to meet weekly or oftener at the Home, to see that suitable provision is made for the support and instruction of the family, and to take charge of the financial affairs generally pertaining to the Home; to transact business, so far as practicable, with individuals who may wish to place children under the patronage of the Home, together with other important daily visits made at the Home, which require to be recorded and promptly reported at the meetings of the Board of Managers for their action.

ART. 10. Amendments may be made to this Constitution by a majority of the members present at the Annual Meeting.



## LIFE MEMBERS.

[Those marked with a \* have deceased.]

|                                      |                                     |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Mrs. Esties, Amesbury Mills.         | Mr. A. Low.                         |
| Mrs. A. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.   | *Mrs. S. Hooper.                    |
| Mrs. A. Noyes, Georgetown.           | Miss Sarah M. Bailey, Abington.     |
| Mrs. Tenney, Windsor, Vt.            | Miss Phœbe Newman, Newbury.         |
| Mrs. Deacon Skinner, Windsor, Vt.    | *Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, Groton.       |
| Mrs. C. Townes, Bellows Falls, Vt.   | *P. C. Brooks.                      |
| *Rev. Mr. Pierce, North Attleboro.   | N. D. Whitney & Co.                 |
| Rev. G. M. Adams, Portsmouth, N.H.   | George Young.                       |
| Mrs. E. Goddard, Claremont, N. H.    | *H. D. Parker.                      |
| Dr. T. Gordon, Plymouth.             | Mrs. Charles F. Adams.              |
| Rev. L. Stone, Charlestown, N. H.    | *Edward Brooks.                     |
| Rev. Mrs. Ventries, Hyde Park.       | J. Warren Merrill.                  |
| Rev. Mrs. Webster, Hyde Park.        | F. Gordon Dexter.                   |
| Rev. Mrs. Dickinson, Foxboro.        | Mrs. C. Humphrey.                   |
| Mrs. Richardson, Malden.             | John Bailey, Topsfield.             |
| Mrs. Albert Ballard, Framingham.     | Mrs. R. C. Waterson.                |
| Miss B. A. Faxon, East Braintree.    | *Miss Rebecca Bowker.               |
| Mr. E. Brown.                        | *Miss C. L. Donnison, Cambridge.    |
| *Mr. E. H. Emmons.                   | Henry S. Shaw.                      |
| Mrs. E. H. Ritchie, Brookline.       | *Rev. Photius Fisk.                 |
| Shepard, Norwell & Co.               | *William F. Carey.                  |
| Hogg, Brown, Taylor & Co.            | Silas Pierce.                       |
| *Mrs. John J. Swift.                 | M. D. Spaulding.                    |
| Miss Sarah D. Ryder.                 | C. W. Kingsley.                     |
| Mrs. N. H. Emmons.                   | Frank Goodwin, Boston.              |
| Churchill, Watson & Co.              | Fuller, Dana & Fitz.                |
| Mrs. J. M. Edmonds, Portsmouth, N.H. | Mrs. Harvey Jewell.                 |
| Mrs. Luther, Attleboro'.             | Mr. John Foster.                    |
| J. P. Bradlee.                       | Mr. Dr. Ladd, Malden.               |
| D. Nevens, Jr.                       | Hon. Martin Brimmer.                |
| *Hon. Jacob Sleeper.                 | Hon. Alden Speare.                  |
| Mrs. E. H. Ryder.                    | Mrs. N. Thayer.                     |
| *B. F. Sturtevant.                   | Henry L. Pierce.                    |
| *Mrs. Fenno Tudor.                   | A Lady, Jamaica Plain.              |
| George A. Nickerson.                 | Mr. Stephen G. Deblois.             |
| Mrs. Mehitable Adams.                | Mrs. J. F. Haitt.                   |
| Elisha Atkins.                       | Mrs. Phillip Radin, New Jersey.     |
| Mrs. Deacon Allen, Holyoke.          | Adison P. Wanson, Gloucester.       |
| Mrs. Mary Farley, Ipswich.           | W. S. Spaulding.                    |
| Mrs. Mary P. Swasey, Beverly.        | H. C. Thatcher.                     |
| Mrs. R. C. Mather, Beaufort, S. C.   | Charles Woodbury.                   |
| Mrs. William Ellison, Duxbury.       | D. R. Whitney.                      |
| Mrs. Hixon, Springfield.             | Arioch Wentworth.                   |
| Mrs. Pettigale, Newburyport.         | Mrs. C. A. Fuller.                  |
| Mrs. Paul Lunt, Newburyport.         | Mrs. Marian M. Pearse, Newtonville. |
| Mr. William Danforth, Plymouth.      |                                     |

## DONATIONS.

TO THE HOME FOR 1893-94.

|   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Simpson, McIntire & Co., 8-lb. box of butter.   | L. J. Sturtevant, 2 turkeys.        |
| Swan, Newton & Co., 1 turkey.                   | Price & Holway, barrel of apples.   |
| Henry Lawrence & Co., 2 turkeys.                | Atwood & Co., 2 gallons oysters.    |
| Curtis & Co., barrel of apples.                 | Barnard & Rich, 25 lbs. fresh fish. |
| Niles Bros., 2 hams.                            | George Grant, box of butter.        |
| Nathan Robbins, 1 turkey.                       | W. Hooper, bushel peanuts.          |
| Austin & Graves, $\frac{1}{2}$ barrel crackers. | C. D. Cobb, bbl. flour.             |
| L. M. Dyer, 2 qrs. lamb.                        | Curtis, Davis & Co., box of soap.   |
| Edward Newton, 25 lbs. fresh fish.              | D. Atwood, 2 gallons oysters.       |
|   | S. Fletcher, bushel beans.          |

A. Hall, quarter lamb.  
 A. G. Haley, 25 lbs. beef.  
 B. T. Mills, beef and lamb.  
 York & Whitney, 4 baskets grapes.  
 Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, 10 lbs. tea, groceries, bbl. flour.  
 James Dillaway, bushel potatoes.  
 O. Treat, corn beef.  
 James Brindle, vegetables, corn beef.  
 Walker & Rich, 25 lbs. salt fish.  
 J. Cross, 1 shoulder.  
 Hall & Cole, bbl. apples.  
 M. Knight, pies, cake.  
 John P. Squire, 1 ham.  
 North & Co., 1 ham.  
 J. Fletcher, beef.  
 Hanson & Ricker, box of figs.  
 Friend, oranges.  
 Hartshorn & Son, syrups.  
 Chase & Sanborn, 6 lbs. coffee.  
 C. H. Murch, barrel potatoes.  
 Mr. F. Morse, box of soap.  
 Mr. Monroe, 5 lbs. tea.  
 Swain, Earle & Co., box of starch.  
 C. L. Swan, 2 bbls. apples.  
 Wm. A. Dudley, Marlboro, box of dry goods.  
 S. S. Pierce, barrel of flour.  
 Caswell & Livermore, box of fish.  
 Friend, dry goods.  
 Miss Edith Bush, Concord, box hats.  
 Friend, candy, nuts, etc.  
 Reynolds & Haley, 25 lbs. corn beef.  
 Sands, Furber & Co. bbl. mixed vegetables.  
 Fobes, Hayward & Co., 2 bxs. candy.  
 D. & L. Slade Co., spices, etc.  
 O. E. Treat, corn beef.  
 Casson & Cook, grapes, apples.  
 Richard & Newell, bushel beans.  
 J. T. Glines, 3 lbs. coffee.  
 C. Hunt, 25 lbs. fresh fish.  
 M. Flint, lard.  
 C. A. Moore, box of candy.  
 Nichles,  $\frac{1}{2}$  crate cranberries.  
 J. P. Brown, 1 bushel sweet potatoes.  
 Mills & Deering, box of butter.  
 Chas. Lawrence, box figs and nuts.  
 W. W. & C. R. Noyes, barrel apples.  
 McLellan, Starr & Co., bushel nuts.  
 George D. Brown, 4 quarters lamb.  
 S. King, barrel of squash.  
 Crosby Bros., box of butter.  
 Melvin & McGrillis, beef.  
 Puffer Bros., bushel sweet potatoes.  
 Snow & Co., bunch bananas.  
 Simond, box onions, beets.  
 Taylor, Ford & Co., barrel turnips.  
 L. H. Johnson, 25 lbs fresh fish.  
 Gustin & Fottler, box turnips.  
 Wm. Prior, 25 lbs fresh fish.

Mr. Roberts, box butter.  
 Downs & Wentworth, quarter lamb.  
 John A. Rollins, 3 lbs. sausage.  
 Friend, box stationery.  
 W. Benjamin, barrel squash.  
 Robinson & Tucker, 15 lbs. pie meat.  
 Friend, barrel of vegetables.  
 Friend, box of raisins.  
 Breed, Pierce & Co., 7 cases of germ meal, 1 dozen boxes salt.  
 American Cereal Co., 4 cs. rolled oats.  
 Oriental Tea Co., tea, coffee.  
 Mrs. W. H. Hill, Brookline, bundle of clothing.  
 Mrs. T. Quincy Browne, Concord, magazines.  
 B. T. Babbitt, 1 box soap powder.  
 Fred. C. Howe, 2 doz. canned goods.  
 Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, crockery and glassware.  
 Chase & Sanborn, coffee.  
 S. B. Shapleigh, 10 lbs. cocoa coffee.  
 Nash & Hopkins, tea.  
 Hyde & Co., mixed tea.  
 John B. Spaulding, 3 barrels sugar.  
 Edw. Wildes, bbl. apples, bush. pears.  
 Mr. Smith, package codfish.  
 Dr. J. E. Butler, Supt. Walnut Ave. S. S., Roxbury, 3 baskets of fruit.  
 Bardwell, Anderson & Co., load wood.  
 Miss Edith Buck, Concord, box hats.  
 Night's Bakery, 2 baskets cakes.  
 Mrs. T. W. Andrews, Roxbury, bbl. oranges, apples and potatoes.  
 Mrs. Thomas Fillebrown, 254 Warren street, Roxbury, clothing.  
 Mrs. Samuel Keene, 41 Murdock st., Brighton, toys for Christmas.  
 Mrs. Margaret Wilson, parlor lamp and vases.  
 Mr. Waldren, Easter cards.  
 Bromfield S. S., picnic to Pine Banks.  
 All the children one week at Beaumont at the Sea Shore Home for boys and girls.  
 Mr. Waldron, picnic to Franklin Park, 2 gals. ice cream, tickets Nant'sk't.  
 Miss M. A. Bailey, Washington st., hats.  
 D. O. Wade, dinner Ocean View, tickets and dinner at Ocean View House.  
 Flower and Fruit Mission, flowers, 1 barrel apples.  
 Mrs. Brewer, Newton, flowers.  
 Mrs. Oliver Bennett, 2 bbls. flour.  
 Mr. Frederick Vornbrock, load wood.  
 Haywood & Sweet, box jewelry.  
 Mrs. D. D. Leeds, Cambridgeport, 12 bundles clothing.  
 Mrs. Paffs, Cambridge, 1 bundle to Mary and Willie, valued at \$8.00.  
 Mrs. A. Chick, Boston, 1 bundle.



Mrs. Mary E. Eastman, Somerville, 1  
barrel of pears.  
Whitten, Burdette & Co., clothing for  
boys.

Boston Branch of the Needlework  
Guild, clothing.  
Mrs. Childs, Somerville, 1 bundle of  
clothing.

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## ANNUAL REPORT.

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The year of '94 is nearly ended ; its work is almost done. It yet remains for the Master Workman to say, "Well done."

What we were as a society a year ago, we are not today. Changes inevitable to a densely populated city make themselves felt, even in the old-established institutions like that of the Nickerson Home for Children.

The outlook, as far as the children are concerned, has been an encouraging one. We have no deaths, and only one or two cases of slight illness to report. As to numbers we have almost doubled last year's record, having admitted over seventy children. Some of these have been with us only a short time.

But our board of officers has felt time's impress more keenly. With deep regret we have to mention that Mrs. Nancy Wormell, who was connected with our Society for over twenty years as matron, has been obliged on account of ill health to seek change and rest in another state. She was always an earnest and vigorous co-laborer in every movement that tended to improve the moral and physical well being of the children at the Home.

Many of the additions to our snug quarters which helped to lighten labor in the domestic department at the Home, as well as some of the wise sanitary measures for the comfort of its inmates are due to her rare methodising power and executive ability. She carries with her not only our public testimonials as to past faithfulness in her work, but our earnest prayers that length of days may be in her right hand and the joy of the Lord her exceeding great reward.

Mrs. Lola C. Holway, by a recent vote of the Board of Managers of Nickerson Home, has been appointed matron at the Home. She has evidently been striving to develop the higher possibilities of her own nature, as well as the characters of those about her, by keeping in mind the Christian graces of the future ideal matron. She has our "God speed" in her noble work.

The outings for the children, so kindly given by societies and

individuals, have added much to the happiness and health of the little ones.

In June, twenty-five of our children went with the Bromfield Street Sabbath School, Rev. Mr. Mansfield, pastor, to Pine Banks. They enjoyed the day. A little later in the same month twenty of the little ones were invited to Beachmont Seashore Home. This is under the general management of the Rev. Mr. Denning, who showed them every kindness during their stay from June 27th to July 4th.

They visited the various points of interest, driving round in the gospel carriage when they found the distances too far to reach on foot.

Twenty-first of July the annual picnic at Franklin Park, under the direction of Mr. Waldron, city missionary, came off. Tuesday, the 24th, the children had a surprise in the form of two gallons of ice cream which owed its *raison d'être* to a rainy day for some other picnickers. One of the ladies from 94 Tyler Street, Dennison House, also took ten girls to Nantasket.

About the middle of July there was another trip to Nantasket. Mr. Waldron furnished tickets for thirty children. There was a trip to Nantasket about the middle of September which was eagerly looked forward to by the little ones. The day before the event was to come off, several of the children were found assembled in a room by themselves. Upon being asked why they were there alone, they replied, "We are here to pray for pleasant weather." It had rained the previous day.

They were entertained in a very handsome manner by Mr. Wade, of the Ocean House, who furnished a dinner and tickets.

A heavy thunder shower came up, and boats were taken off on account of an accident in the harbor; the "Putnam Bradlee" having been sunk. Mr. Wade proved equal to this emergency. He procured tickets for cars and went to Hull, thence by boat to Boston; his wife also accompanying the party to Hull.

Amongst the donations we must not forget the remembrance of twenty dollars sent to the Home by the Young Ladies Society of the Old South Church, through Miss Carrie Boswell. Also two scrap albums sent by a kind lady.

We trust that the Lord will always provide as bountifully for our Home in the future as he has this year.

MRS. G. M. DAWSON,

*Secretary.*



## TREASURER'S REPORT.

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It is a rainy day. I am asked to write my report for the Society. Can I do it? Not with my own strength, but with the help of God I can say a few things.

I have been called during the year to mourn the departure of many of our donors, among them Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Joseph Burnett, Mr. Theodore Nickerson, and many others who have left us to receive their reward. May others rise up to take their places.

And I mourn today. For just about this hour they are assembled at King's Chapel to pay the last tribute of respect to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, our great American poet. Did I say "the last tribute of respect?" No, no; for many years will come and pass away, before this wonderful poet shall be forgotten, and his name be spoken with other than reverential honor. Children and children's children will rise up and call him blessed, for "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

I had the unspeakable honor of knowing him for many years. He was a great friend to our Home, as was also his companion, for nearly forty years. I saw him, and had a delightful talk with him just before he left the city for his summer vacation, the first of June. I then received his last gift for the Society. We parted, not to meet here again. I rejoice that we shall never say "good-bye" in heaven. No.

In that world of joy and song,  
We'll never say "good bye."

Sometime the angel will open the gate and we shall enter in, and all because Jesus loved us so, and we trusted him, "the Mighty to save." Gladly to earth he closed his eyes to open them in heaven. Long as eternal ages roll he'll see his Saviour's face, and the precious ones gone before. Before the farewells of earth



were o'er, the welcome of heaven commenced. Do they forget? Oh, no! "For memory's golden chains shall bind their hearts to the hearts below till they meet and touch again."

It gives me real joy to record the goodness of God to our Society another year. We had rather a hard winter financially, but we gathered in all the children we possibly could accommodate. We have had a total of different children this year over seventy in number, for whom our Home has lovingly cared, and all of them have proved to be kind and good. The new matron has won the ardent affection of all the children. We hear from her no complaint about them. She has sought to add to the regular capacity of the Home, making up beds temporarily even in the storeroom and the playroom, that she might give her assistance to the houseless and the friendless. We rejoice that we have providentially found so kind and faithful a care-taker in the Home.

Our children have many kind friends. During the past year they have been kept "sweet" by our generous donor, Mr. J. P. Spaulding, who has supplied us with sugar, beside his many contributions of money. Surely the blessings of the poor will rest upon him; for we know that there is even now an Unseen One sitting over against the treasury, as in the days when Christ tabernacled among men. May all feel their individual responsibility, and ever remember the words, "Ye did it unto Me."

How glad I am for every child we gather into the Home, and bring into the public schools; for I know that education begins with their earliest years, and I remember that a wise writer has said, "Education ends only with life." We all know that "It is not good that the soul be without knowledge."

No one needs to be ignorant who has the privileges of our common schools. Oh, how I love to see the children go and come from their schools, so blithe and happy. I never loved children as I love them now. I have had them; I have lost them, and I have them still to comfort me in advanced years. I do want to do more to help all I can to a better, purer, higher life; for the days are passing by, and what we do we must do quickly.

I passed my vacation at the well-known Chautauqua, in western New York; I have had a delightful summer—my twelfth season there. It has been one that I can never forget. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of the counselors of the great "Chautauqua Circle," delivered the address on the great day—Recognition Day—and it was worth all the fatigue of the journey to listen to him, and

on such a theme. The privileges at Chautauqua are great. We do, indeed, "study the word and the works of God." I did not lose a single Sabbath forenoon service at the great amphitheater, and I really hope to be more useful after such privileges and opportunities. The remnant of life shall be spent in doing God's will, and in seeking to help others.

And what shall I say of our Chancellor of Chautauqua, our Bishop J. H. Vincent, who is at all times a benediction, and who never fails to wonderfully impress us with what is lovely, pure, honest, and of good report. Next to an earthly paradise is Chautauqua, beautiful Chautauqua, by the lovely lake in Western New York. Here I graduated in the Chautauqua Circle in the year 1884, at the age of seventy-four, and many precious memories have I now to cheer me in my delightful eventide of life. "At eventide it shall be light."

As I look about me I see many, many suffering ones, poor and sick. May God give me the means to go to their homes, and carry food and raiment, and the wherewithal to pay their house rent, as He has aided me to do for nearly fifty years past, in this city of Boston, and to offer the last prayer, and to speak the last word of comfort in the dying hour. I have pointed many to a better home beyond, where they shall no more hunger or be sick, or be poor, but be the children of the King, who has said: "I will wipe all tears from your eyes."

And now we leave our Society, and all its needs and interests, in the hands of Him who has said, "I will certainly bless thee."

"O, happy circle, ever wide  
And wider be thy sweep,  
Till peace and knowledge fill the earth  
As waters fill the deep;  
Till hearts and homes are touched to life,  
And happier thoughts are won;  
Till that fair day clasp hands, and say,  
God bless us, every one."

SUSAN B. HOLWAY.

137 Hawthorn St., Chelsea, Mass.

Cr.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Dr.

|  |                   |                                    |                   |
|--|-------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| By cash on hand, October 1st, 1893         | \$374.72          | To water tax, fuel and light,      | \$153.77          |
| Subscriptions and Donations, S. B. Holway, | 1,007.00          | Repairs on Home,                   | 184.73            |
| “ “ C. L. Boswell,                         | 1,027.14          | Printing Annals,                   | 78.00             |
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 Marston, John  
 Merrill, J. Warren  
 Minot, G. R.  
 Mills, Isaac B.  
 Mitchell, Mrs.  
 Miller, Mrs.  
 Mason, Mrs. R. A.  
 Morey, D. R.

Moring, Mrs.  
 Macay, R. C.  
 Manson, N. G.  
 Mudge, E. R.  
 Merrill, B. L.  
 Maynard, H. E.  
 Mixer, Whitman & Co.  
 Minot, W.  
 Minot, C. H.  
 Mellen & Co.  
 McKay, Donald  
 Maynard, I. S.  
 Marrett, L., Cambridge  
 Marsh, John, Gloucester  
 Minot, Mrs. C. H.  
 Matchett, Theodore  
 Munroe, I. W. & Co.  
 Maekay, W.  
 Moore, Miss E. S., Brookline  
 Moors, Skilton & Co.  
 Merriam, O. W.  
 Muonroe, William  
 Marshfield, G. T.  
 Moriand, Mrs. Dr.  
 McMahon, Dr. J. B.  
 Merriam, Mrs. A. M., Topsfield  
 McDewell, John  
 Mudge, E. R., Sawyer & Co.  
 Merrifield, Moses  
 McPherson, W. J.  
 Munroe, Miss, Concord  
 Merrill, Mrs. Moody  
 Morland, Wm. W.  
 Mason, R. A.  
 Morse, Mrs. C. G., South  
 Dedham  
 Merritt, F. S.  
 Marsh, Robert  
 Mair, Thomas  
 Moore, C. H.  
 McGregor, J.  
 Manning, J. B.  
 Maekay, J. W.  
 Morse, L. H.  
 Metcalf, Pierce & Co.  
 Moody, Charles E.  
 Marsh, L. H.  
 Marston, S. W., Jr.  
 McNutt, J. J.  
 Maek, Mr.  
 Matchett, William F.  
 Morse, —  
 Morse, H. E., N. Somerville  
 Macullar, Williams & Parker  
 McIntire, P.  
 Merrill, Joshua  
 Merrill, Wm. B.  
 Merrill, D. B.  
 Marey, J. W.  
 Mason, Mrs. Wm., Taunton  
 McDewell & Adams  
 Miller, Henry F.  
 Miner, George A.

## N

Norwell, Mr.  
 Noyes, Mrs. A. B., George-  
 town  
 Nash, Spalding & Co.  
 Nurse, B. F.  
 Neal & Rogers  
 Nickerson, F. & Co.  
 Nickerson, E. & Co.  
 Naylor & Co.  
 Norton, Mrs. Andrew  
 Nelson, Mrs. Mary, New-  
 buryport  
 Nickerson, J. & Co.  
 Nickerson, Pliny  
 Nash, Mrs. N., Hyde Park

Nash, Israel  
 Nazro, Parker & Co.  
 Nickerson, Thomas  
 Nevins, D., Jr.  
 Newman, Miss Phoebe, New-  
 buryport  
 Nevin, G. P.  
 Nickerson, T. W.  
 Nesmith, Mrs. J., Lowell

## O

Otis, Mrs. Wm. C.  
 Oliver, Miss  
 Osgood, John F.  
 Osborne, A., Cambridge  
 Osgood, James R. & Co.  
 Oxnard, Mrs. Henry

## P

Pierce, Rev. Mr., Attleboro'  
 Potter & Co.  
 Pettes, George W.  
 Phelps, F. O.  
 Potts, Mrs. Thorpe, Hyde  
 Park  
 Page, Dr. Wm. H.  
 Pierree, J. B., Boston  
 Phillips, Jonathan  
 Pope, William  
 Perkins, Thomas H.  
 Pond, Moses  
 Peters, E. D.  
 Peck, A. G.  
 Pierce, Silas  
 Parker, Richard T.  
 Prouty & Mears  
 Peaslee, C. H.  
 Payson, Arthur  
 Porter, C.  
 Pierree, S. W.  
 Pierree, Robert, Lowell  
 Potter, A. H.  
 Putnam, Miss Catharine  
 Parker, James  
 Parker, Mrs. J.  
 Phelps, Mrs.  
 Parkman, Mrs. George  
 Parker, Mrs. James  
 Peabody, Mrs. J. H.  
 Perkins, Mrs. T. H.  
 Parsons, Mrs.  
 Plimpton, Mrs.  
 Paige, J. W.  
 Paige, Mrs. J. W.  
 Pope, P. P.  
 Pratt, Mrs.  
 Peters, Mrs. L.  
 Pratt, Miss Mary  
 Parsons, Miss B., Cambridge  
 Phelps, S.  
 Peters, G. H.  
 Parker House  
 Perkins, William  
 Preston, J.  
 Potter, J. C.  
 Pratt, Mrs. William  
 Pierce, H. L.  
 Pierce, F.  
 Pike, David  
 Phillips, E. P.  
 Pettingale, Mrs., Newbury-  
 port  
 Phillips, Mrs.  
 Preston, I. P.  
 Page, Samuel  
 Parker, Wilder & Co.  
 Palmer, D.  
 Pope, E.  
 Pomeroy, Mrs. E.  
 Pierce, Mrs. A., Brookline

Poor, C. V.  
 Peabody, Wm.  
 Pickett, Mrs. John, Beverly  
 Page, Edward  
 Plumer, Avery  
 Pope, W. & Sons  
 Pecker, Seth & Co.  
 Potter, Silas  
 Pratt, Isaae  
 Parker, David & Co.  
 Paul, Joseph F.  
 Phipps, George, Framing  
 ham  
 Piekman, W. D.  
 Pettengale, W. H., Cambridge  
 Prosser, Mrs. Amanda M.  
 Lexington  
 Perry, O. W.  
 Phelps, F. S.  
 Pond, Moses W.  
 Philbrook, I. W.  
 Potter, Silas & Co.  
 Pitkins, Mrs.  
 Page, Mrs. H. P., Watertown  
 Pratt, Mrs. E. W.  
 Pope, Mrs. B. J.  
 Perkins, S.  
 Patten, Mrs. H. T.  
 Pratt, E. F.  
 Pratt, Chas. A.  
 Pray, B. S.  
 Pearson, John H., Jr., New-  
 bury  
 Pratt, Laban, Neponset,  
 Mass.  
 Patch, Lyman, Fitchburg  
 Porter, Mrs. Dr.  
 Partelow, W. H.  
 Pratt, J.  
 Porter, Mrs. W., Quincy

## Q

Quiney, Hon. Josiah  
 Quiney, Miss E. S.  
 Quincy, T. D.  
 Quincy, E., Dedham  
 Quincy, Miss M.

## R

Richardson, Mrs.  
 Rice, Miss Lila P.  
 Russell, G. R.  
 Ropes, William  
 Ropes, Mrs. William  
 Roe, J., Milton  
 Richardson, George, Dor-  
 chester  
 Rieh, Isaac  
 Reed, Washington  
 Reed, S. G., Dorehester  
 Richardson, John, Dorehester  
 Richards, J. D.  
 Raymond, C. B.  
 Richardson, A.  
 Richardson, George C.  
 Richardson, C. T.  
 Richardson, J.  
 Richardson, Jeffrey  
 Reed, Mrs. James  
 Roberts, Mrs.  
 Ritchie, Mrs.  
 Rand, Mrs. E. L.  
 Ruggles, S. P.  
 Robinson, S.  
 Robinson, George W.  
 Riee, Kendall & Co.  
 Robinson, E. B.  
 Reed, J. H.  
 Reed, Mrs. S.  
 \*Ritchie, U. & J.



Reed, Mrs. S. G., Roxbury  
 Richardson, C. & Co.  
 Robbins, Mrs. R.  
 Riley, G. W.  
 Richards, R. A.  
 Rice, E. E.  
 R. K. & Co.  
 R. S. D.  
 Riley, F. R.  
 Richardson, G. L.  
 Radford, Miss N., Hyde Park  
 Radford, Miss Ann M., Plymouth  
 Richards, F. C.  
 Russ, Charles E.  
 Robinson, J. S.  
 Ripley, Robert  
 Richie, Mrs. E. S., Brookline  
 Richardson, N. H., Fitchburg  
 Ropes, J. S.  
 Rice, R. C., Concord  
 Richards, Mrs. D. N.  
 Rogers, R. D.  
 Rhodes & Ripley  
 Reed, Benjamin  
 Russ, Augustus  
 Richie, John, 2nd  
 Raymond, F. H.  
 Rice, F. & F. & Co.  
 Richards, J. L.  
 Ritchie, Miss, Brookline  
 Rockwell Brothers  
 Roberts & Co.  
 Ropes, W. C. & Co., Boston  
 Russell, Mrs. George, M. D., Boston  
 Rideout & Co  
 Russell, Mrs. W. A., Lawrence  
 Roach, Geo. F.  
 Ryder, Mrs. E. H., Chelsea  
 Ryder, Miss Sarah D., Chelsea  
 Robey, D.  
 Richardson, Chas. L.  
 Rice, Lewis  
 Rideout, J.  
 Ranney, Mrs. A. A.  
 Rowe, Mrs. H. R. S.  
 Richards, Mrs., Brookline  
 Russell, Suter & Co.  
 Rogers, Arthur  
 Rogers, S. G.  
 Rand, O. J.

## S

Sanford, A.  
 Stimpson, Mrs. C. A., Charlestown  
 Snow, Mrs.  
 Stearns, R. H. & Co.  
 Stearns, Wm.  
 Spencer, A. W.  
 Shaw, Gardner H.  
 Shaw, Robert G.  
 Shaw, Mrs. Rob't, Fitchburg  
 Smith, J. B.  
 Stone, Mr.  
 Sturgis, Mr.  
 Sturgis, William  
 Sturgis, Henry D.  
 Smith, Stephen  
 Sullivan, Richard  
 Sprague, Hon. Phineas  
 Spence, John  
 Spaulding, W. H.  
 Stearns, S.  
 Soule, S.  
 Sumners, Swift & Co.  
 Sewall, Day & Co.  
 Sargent, Horace B.  
 Stow, Robert B.

Simpson, George R.  
 Stearns, W. M.  
 Sturgis, James  
 Shaw, Mrs. G. Howland  
 Shimmen, Mrs. W.  
 Story, Mrs.  
 Story, Mr.  
 Shaw, Q. A.  
 Shaw, Mrs. Robert G., Jr.  
 Stowe, Mrs. H. B., Andover  
 Sears, Mrs. B. W., Newton  
 Sayles, Mrs. M. F.  
 Sayles, Miss H.  
 Steadman, A. & Co.  
 Sturtevant, —  
 Sturgis, Mrs. Russell  
 Sherman, E.  
 Sherman, Mrs. Robert, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Southwick, Mrs. R.  
 Spooner, W. B.  
 Sharp, Mrs. Dr.  
 Sargent, Turner  
 Scudder, Harvey  
 Sleeper, Hon. Jacob  
 Sheafe, William  
 Sumner, Jabez  
 Sanford, O. S.  
 Spaulding, S. R.  
 Stone, Eben  
 Sargent, M. H.  
 Stanwood, E. C.  
 Shaw, T. V.  
 Sawyer, J. H.  
 Simpson, Mr.  
 Skinner, F. & Co.  
 Spaulding, John P., Boston  
 Sawyer, Warren  
 Stroh, F. E., Boston  
 Sears, Mrs. D.  
 Shepard, Norwell & Co.  
 Skillings, D. N. & Co.  
 Sherburne, R.  
 Smith, J. Andover  
 Saltonstall, Mrs. H.  
 Smith, Mrs. C., Cambridge  
 Sargent, Mrs. H., Brookline  
 Sargent, W. P.  
 Stevens, C. T.  
 Straw, M. A.  
 Stetson Mrs.  
 Sweet, Mrs.  
 Sherburn, Warren  
 Sanderson, Mrs., Waltham  
 Story, Mrs. C., Newburyport  
 Sturgis, Mrs. J. W.  
 Spencer, Vila & Co.  
 Shepherd, John  
 Sprague, Charles J.  
 Snow, B., Jr., Fitchburg  
 Shank, Catharine N., Springfield  
 Stone, E., Dedham  
 Sunderland, Mrs., Hyde Park  
 Shaw, L.  
 Snelling, S. G.  
 Sawyer, E. K., Somerville  
 Sanderson, Foster & Co.  
 Sullivan, Mrs. Sarah S.  
 Snank, Mrs. C., Washington, D. C.  
 Sanderson, Mrs. M., Waltham  
 Swane, C. S., Clinton  
 Stetson, Alpheus M.  
 Smith, Mrs. Wm. E.  
 Stewart, Mrs. E. H.  
 Shaw, Henry S.  
 Shepherd, Mrs. Springfield  
 Shurtleff, Nathaniel B.  
 Studley, Mrs. E. A.  
 Simpson, Mrs. M. H.  
 Spaulding, Mrs. S., Lowell

Stimpson, Mrs. C. A.  
 Stevens, H. R.  
 Smith & Lovett  
 Swinerton, C. E.  
 Sproat, C. W.  
 Slade, Leroy S.  
 Swift, Mrs. John J.  
 Swift, Miss Lillian A.  
 Storer, W. Brandt  
 Shimmin, Chas. F.  
 Sears, Miss  
 Smith, A.  
 Southworth, E.  
 Standish, Mrs. J.  
 Storey, J. C. & Co.  
 Saltonstall, H.  
 Samuels, Mrs. S. B.  
 Sears, J. Henry  
 Stedson, Mrs., Walpole  
 Sprague, Mrs. Phineas  
 Story, J. C.  
 Skillings, D. N.  
 Stodder, Mrs. S. C., Brookline  
 Sharp, Mrs. J. C.  
 Smith, S. D. & H. W.  
 Stevens, H. R.  
 Sprague, Mrs. Judge  
 Studley, Mrs. M. A.  
 Smith & Wright

## T

Tiffany, Mr., Framingham  
 Ticknor, E. B.  
 Thaxter, A. W., Sen.  
 Thayer, J. Elliot  
 Tilton, Stephen  
 Tudor, Frederick  
 Thaxter, A. W., Jr.  
 Tuckerman, Townsend & Co  
 Train, Enoch & Co.  
 Tyler, J. C. & J. W.  
 Timmings, Henry  
 Timmings, George H.  
 Tobey, E. S.  
 Thayer, Mrs. N.  
 Thayer, Mrs. J. E.  
 Thayer, Mrs. John E.  
 Taft, John B.  
 Twombly, Mrs.  
 Ticknor, Mrs.  
 Tappan, Mrs. C. W.  
 Thayer, Mrs. Joseph  
 Torrey, Mrs.  
 Thayer, Miss Anna Frances  
 Thompson, Miss  
 Tileston, Mrs., Dorchester  
 Trull, John  
 Thayer, N.  
 Thomas, Mrs. William  
 Turnbull, George  
 Tudor, Mrs. Frederick  
 Thatcher, Isaac  
 Thatcher, H. C.  
 Tuttle, Gaffield & Co.  
 Tobey, Mrs. E. S.  
 Talbot, Mrs. C., Lowell  
 Tappan, McBurney & Co.  
 Taylor, H. B.  
 Tyler, J. S.  
 Tower, Wm., East Boston  
 Tappan, Mrs. C. S., Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Taylor & Son  
 Thompson, N. A.  
 Taylor, Frederick B.  
 Tuxbury, Mrs.  
 Turner, Mrs.  
 Tuttle, James  
 Tufts, Otis  
 Tower, Edward  
 Talbot, J. W., Billerica



Train, Mrs.  
 Train, C. R.  
 Thorndike, S. L.  
 Tyson, Mrs. George  
 Tappan, Mrs. J. G.  
 Tappan, Miss C.  
 Turner, Mrs. J. A.  
 Tilton, J. B.  
 Tuttle, Mr.  
 Thwyng, S. C.  
 Tucker, J. A.  
 Tappan, John G. & Co.  
 Tracy, T. U.  
 Trustees Estate Chas. Sanders  
 Tappan, J. H. A. & Co.  
 Taylor, Isaac  
 Torrey, E., Fitchburg  
 Tracy, J.

## U

Upton, James  
 Upton, G. B.  
 United States Hotel  
 Upham, H.  
 Upton, George  
 Underhill, B. K.

## V

Vila, James  
 V. H. & Co.  
 Valentine, L.  
 Vinton, Mrs. S.  
 Vinal, A.

## W

Wells, Rev. E. N. P.  
 Wentworth, A.  
 Wentworth, Mrs. A.  
 Winslow, Geo. S.  
 Williams, John D.  
 Whittier Machine Shop, Boston Highlands  
 Wakefield, Mrs. Cyrus, Wakefield.  
 Winchester, E. P.  
 Whittemore, ———  
 Walley, S. H.  
 Whitney, J.  
 Wetmore, T.  
 Wetherell, John  
 Warren, George W.  
 Weld, W. F.  
 Williams, J. M. S.  
 Worthington, William  
 Winslow, E.

Wilbur, A.  
 Wigglesworth, Edward  
 Wells, Charles  
 Walcott, Mrs. J. H.  
 Wigglesworth, Mrs. T.  
 Willis, Mrs. H.  
 Winchester, Mrs.  
 Williams, Moses  
 Williams, Mrs.  
 Worcester, Mrs.  
 Woodward, Mrs.  
 Wells, Mrs. J.  
 Wheelwright, Mrs. C.  
 Wadsworth, Mrs. W. W.  
 Whitney, Misses  
 Washburn, Mr., Natick  
 Welton, B. & Co.  
 White, Benjamin C.  
 Wales, Thomas B.  
 Wilkinson, Stetson & Co.  
 White, Joseph A.  
 Welch, Francis  
 Way, S. A.  
 Whitney, J. G. & Co.  
 Wills, R. A.  
 Wheildon, Mrs., Concord.  
 Walko & Barnum  
 Whipple, M. J.  
 Winchester, E. W.  
 Walworth, J. J.  
 Wade, Mrs. C. H., North Cambridge  
 Walko, Martin  
 Woodman, E. E.  
 Wason, R. B.  
 Wilder, Mrs. Marshal P.  
 White, Luther L.  
 Warren, S. D.  
 Wright, E.  
 Williams, Miss S. N., Foxboro'  
 Witherell, O. D.  
 Watson, Jeremiah  
 Wason, E.  
 Whiton, L. O.  
 Walker, Samuel A.  
 Williams, Mr.  
 Willcutt, Mrs. L. L., West Roxbury  
 White, Mrs. Dr.  
 Worthington, W.  
 Williams, T. S.  
 Windsor, Mrs. Jane, Duxbury  
 Weston, Mrs. H. B., Duxbury  
 Washburn, William  
 Williams, Mrs. S. H., Foxboro'

Wheelock, J. B.  
 Whitney, Mrs. H., Cambridge  
 Weld, Aaron D.  
 Wildes, Mrs. S.  
 Wesson, Mrs. D. B., Springfield  
 Wilder & Easterbrook  
 Wadsworth Bros. & Howland  
 Warren, C. W.  
 Walker, G. W.  
 Way, Mrs. S. A.  
 Wentworth & Faxon  
 Warren, Mrs. C. M., Brookline  
 Winthrop, Mrs. R. C.  
 Wadley, G. A., Boston  
 Whitney, Mrs. Chas.  
 Whitney Israel  
 Whitney, Mrs.  
 Whitney, Israel G. & Co.  
 Wales, J. M.  
 Warren, Charles W.  
 Wellington, J. C.  
 Whitney, N. D. & Co.  
 Weld, O. E.  
 Worthington, J. H.  
 Whitten, Burditt & Young  
 Wesson, Mrs., Springfield  
 Wright, Mrs., Duxbury  
 Walker, Mrs., St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Wallace, Rodway, Fitchburg  
 Weston, H. C.  
 Woodbury, C. L.  
 Weld, George W.  
 Wellington Bros. & Co.  
 Whitmore, Mrs. S. H., West Roxbury  
 Wood, Mrs. Henry  
 Wright, Luther A.  
 Whitney, James S.  
 Wadley, Spurr & Co.  
 Woodbury, C. S.  
 Wheeler & Wilson  
 West, Wm.  
 White, Miss Margaret  
 Willard, Mrs. Eliza  
 Whitney, Charles  
 Whitney, D. R.

## Y

Yale, R. M.  
 Young, C. L.  
 Young, A. S.  
 Young, Geo., Young's Hotel

## ADDITIONAL NAMES.

**A**

Adams, W. M., New Bedford  
 Allen, C. H.  
 Allen, H. A.  
 Allen, I. S.  
 Allen, Mrs. W. H.  
 Ames, Fred. L.  
 Armstrong, S.  
 Andrews, Mrs. Wm. T.  
 Agassiz, Mrs., Cambridge  
 Amory, Harcourt  
 Allen, Lane & Co.  
 Allen, Thomas J.  
 Alley, John R., Boston High'ds  
 Atkinson, C. F.  
 Amory, Mrs. C. W.  
 Ames, Mrs. Oakes, Easton  
 A. D. W.  
 Alley, John B.  
 Atkins, E. F.  
 Abbott, Mrs. H. E., Brookline  
 Atwood, R. K.  
 Ames, Mrs. F. L.  
 Ames, Oliver, 2d

**B**

Baker, Mrs. E. H.  
 Bassett, H. F., Taunton  
 Bradley, W. F.  
 Bray, C. F.  
 Baker, E. H., Jr.  
 Bigelow, Mrs. H. M.  
 Burbank, G. S., Fitchburg  
 Bullard, John R.  
 Brown, Durrell & Co.  
 Baker, E. H.  
 Barrett, Mrs. J. F., Concord  
 Blake, Geo. F.  
 Brewster, Mrs., Cambridge  
 Burgess, B. F.  
 Burr, I. T.  
 Beal, F. L., Natick  
 Butler, Wm.  
 Beebe, E. P.  
 Bigelow, Eleanor  
 Boit, Robert  
 Bradley, Fred.  
 Bradlee, N. J.  
 Bradley, W. L.  
 Burbank, A. O.  
 Burditt, H. S.  
 Barrett, Mrs. R. F., Concord  
 Bigelow, Bertha  
 Barry, Eugene, Lynn  
 Baker, T. J.  
 Brackett, Mrs. S. E. W., Cambridge  
 Brown, O. F.  
 Brown, E. P.  
 Bowditch, J. Ingersoll  
 Buck, W.  
 Bullard, Mary, Dedham  
 Bullard, Mrs. W. S.  
 Burge, L.  
 Bradley Fertilizing Co.  
 Bradford, Geo. R., Gloucester  
 Bacon, W.  
 Bennett, Edmund H.  
 Bradley, Miss  
 Beebe, J. Arthur  
 Black, J. N.  
 Bradlee, Caleb D.  
 Burrage, Mr.  
 Blaney, W. O.  
 Baker, E. H.

Bosell, John  
 Bowditch, Charles  
 Bigelow, Miss H. E., Marlboro  
 Brooks, Phillips  
 Brewer, Mrs. J. L.  
 Bradley, Miss A. A.  
 Brewster, Mrs. Wm., Cambridge  
 Browne, Mrs. T. Quincy, Concord

**C**

Cash  
 Cash  
 Cash, Beverly  
 Chase, Mrs. Gardner, E. Douglas  
 Codman, C. H.  
 Coos, William, Gloucester  
 Cochran, Hugh  
 Clifford, G. E., Fitchburg  
 Cummings, Mr. E., Cambridge  
 Carter, Rice & Co.  
 Cummings, John  
 Codman, C. R.  
 Chandler, J. W.  
 Chamberlain, T. R.  
 Chase & Barstow  
 Clark, R. F.  
 Cash, Boston  
 Cash, Quincy  
 Coe, Henry F.  
 Chandler, W. L.  
 Clark, B. F.  
 Converse, Stanton & Davis  
 Cunard Line  
 Co., W. B.  
 Cushman Bros., Cambridge  
 Cash  
 Campbell, C. A.  
 Converse, E. W.  
 Curtis, H. G.  
 Crocker, Mrs. M. C., Fitchburg  
 Clapp, James, M. D.  
 Crocker, C. F., Fitchburg  
 Chase, W. L.  
 Coggs, H. F., Fitchburg  
 Carpenter, Mrs. G. O.  
 Chapman, Mrs. J. H., Concord  
 Cobb, Henry E.  
 Cash.  
 Colburn, Mrs. C. H., Hopedale  
 Canny, P.  
 Chase, Wm. L.  
 Cox, Mrs. Geo. P., Malden  
 Cummings, W., Fitchburg  
 Carpenter, Geo. O. & Son  
 Cox, Mrs. J. N., Brookline  
 Curran & Burton.  
 Clemson, Mrs. Harriet H., Taunton

**D**

Dana, Mrs. R. H.  
 Davis, Miss E.  
 Dana, Mrs. R. H., Jr.  
 Dove, Mrs. H. C., Andover  
 Davis, Mrs. S. C., Jr.  
 Dove, G. W. W.  
 Dodge, Theo.  
 Davis, Mrs. E. Sleeper  
 Dyer, M. J. R.  
 Dewson, F. A.  
 Draper, Wm. F., Milford  
 Draper, Eben, Hopedale  
 Davis, Hon. Joseph  
 Durgin, Mrs. J., Arlington

Denny, Arthur B.  
 Dutton, Mrs. E. P., New York  
 Dyer, Joseph, So. Weymouth  
 Ditson, Mrs. Oliver  
 Draper, George, Hopedale  
 Dunn, E. H.  
 Draper, Mrs. C. H., Brookline  
 Dane, Frances  
 Dow, Mrs. M. A., Brookline  
 Dickinson, M. F., Jr.  
 Dyer, M., Jr.  
 Dexter, F. Gordon

**E**

Eager, R. A., Canton  
 Endicott, Wm., Jr., Beverly  
 Evans, Mrs. R. D.  
 Eldridge, Mrs. Asa, Jamaica Plain.  
 E. W. S.  
 Estabrook, A. F.  
 Emmons, W. H.  
 Eddy, Darius, Dorchester  
 Eastman, Mrs. A. F., Somerville  
 Emery, Mrs. J. S.  
 E. T. S.  
 Eaton, Mrs. W. S.  
 Emerson, Miss Ellen, Concord

**F**

Farrar, J. H.  
 Fenno, I. & Co.  
 Fenno & Manning  
 Fern, O. S.  
 Fluker, Joseph  
 Farnsworth, E.  
 Field, J. H.  
 Folsom, W.  
 Foss, E. M., Jamaica Plain  
 Freeman, Miss H. E.  
 Friend, Jamaica Plain  
 Fitz, Dana, & Co.  
 Faxon, Mrs. W. H.  
 Fillebrown, C. B.  
 F. E. P.  
 Fennessy, F. E.  
 Field, C. C., Greenfield  
 Foster, John R., Clinton

**G**

Goldthwaite, Mrs. J.  
 Gammage, Mrs. J.  
 Glover, Winfred  
 Goodrow, Mrs. Joseph, Cambridge  
 Glidden, Mrs. W. T.  
 Goodale, A. M., Waltham  
 Goepper, Mr., East Cambridge  
 Gregory, G. N.  
 Goddard, George  
 Glover, J. B.  
 Glover, John  
 Goodridge, C. F.  
 Gordon, Dexter F.

**H**

H. M.  
 Hall, Mr. F.  
 Hall, John G. & Co.  
 Hathaway, W. S., Cambridge  
 Horton, E. J., Attleboro'  
 Houghton, A. J.  
 Hill, Mrs. Emily S., Belmont  
 Hills, W. J.  
 Hinman, Mrs. Chas. W.  
 Holt, Mr.  
 Howe, G. D.



Hartt, Mrs. J. F.  
 Harwood & Son  
 Hedges, Mrs. S. M.  
 Howe, Elmer P.  
 Haskins, W. C.  
 Horton, Mrs. E. J., Attleboro'  
 Harper, Mrs. J. W., N. York  
 Holway, Wright & Rich  
 Hollis, G. M., Brighton  
 Hills, E. A.  
 Haven, F., Jr.  
 Hersey Bros., South Boston  
 Hobart, Aaron  
 Howe, Mrs. J. C.  
 Harwood, Geo. S.  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell  
 Holway, Rev. W. O., Chaplain,  
 U. S. N.  
 Holleday, Mrs. Geo., Malden  
 Hall, John G. & Co.  
 Haussmun, Mrs. E. H., N. Y.  
 Haile, W. H.  
 Hayden, E. D.  
 Hardy, Ed. E.  
 Hill, Mrs. W. H., Brookline  
 Houghton, Mrs. A. J., Brook-  
 line  
 Homer, G. S. & F. A., New  
 Bedford  
 Hart, Thomas N.  
 Hubbard, Phineas, Cambridge

**J**

Jackson, E. T., Taunton  
 Jacobs, Mrs.  
 Jenkins, Chas. Arthur  
 Jenkins, Mrs. C. E.  
 Johnson, C. E.  
 Johnson & Smith  
 Jenkins, Charles E.  
 Judge, John  
 Judge, J.  
 Jordan, Mrs. E. D., Jr., Brook-  
 line

**K**

Kittredge, Mrs. S., Tewksbury  
 Kenney, James  
 Kent, Mrs. W. M.  
 Kidder, H. P.  
 King, Charles A.  
 Kingsley, C.  
 Kingman, Mr., Middletown  
 Kidder, C. A.  
 Killum, Mrs., Jamaica Plain  
 Kennedy, Miss L., Concord  
 Kendall, E., Cambridge  
 Kellene, Mrs. H. V., Jamaica  
 Plain  
 Kent, Mrs. H. M.  
 Kendrick, J. R.

**L**

Lamb, Henry W., Cambridge  
 Lawrence, O. H., Fitchburg  
 Loud, Mrs. John  
 Lilly, C.  
 Leonard, H.  
 Longfellow, Miss A. M., Cam-  
 bridge  
 Lawrence, W. B.  
 Laury, Ira F., Taunton  
 Ladd, Mrs. A. K., Malden  
 Low, Mr. W. A.  
 Ladd, Miss Josie A.  
 Lambert, W. B.  
 Livermore, George F.  
 Lamson, A. W.  
 Lefavour, J. W., Beverly  
 Little, Samuel

Leppelman, Mrs. M. J., San-  
 dusky, Ohio.  
 Lowell, Percival  
 Lovering, Charles L., Taunton  
 Lewis, Miss Helen, Waltham  
 Leighton, E. B.  
 Lowell, A. L.  
 Lowell, J.  
 Loring, A. P.  
 Learned, S. S., Boston

**M**

Merriam, Mrs. Caroline  
 Motley, Mrs.  
 Mulliken, H.  
 Merrill, D. R.  
 Merrill, Moody  
 Meredith, J. M.  
 Mellen, Mrs.  
 Mellen, James  
 Mellen, Mrs. Sarah  
 Manadier, J. E.  
 Minot, Lawrence  
 Mackay, Miss F. M., Cambridge  
 Merrihew, E. T.  
 Murray & Whitley  
 Myers, J. J.  
 Moffatt  
 Miller, Mrs. R. P., Dorchester  
 M. H. D.  
 Mackinnon, T. A.

**N**

Nash, A. C.  
 Nichols, Dupee & Co.  
 Nickerson, A. A.  
 Nickerson, George A.  
 Nickerson, F. W.  
 Nickerson, Alfred A.  
 Norcross, Mellen & Co.  
 Newhall, Mrs. Isaac, Lynn  
 Nicolls, James, East Cambridge  
 Nichols, J. Howard  
 Nettleton, E. P.  
 Nash, H.  
 Newell, Mrs. Harvey  
 Nash, Herbert  
 Nickerson, A.  
 Nickerson, Theodore

**O**

O'Brien, F. L.  
 O. C. & Sons  
 Osgood, Mrs. Edward, Hopedale  
 Osborn, Francis A.  
 Oak Grove Farm Co

**P**

Page, Moses S.  
 Parkman, George F.  
 Parkman, Miss H. E.  
 Peabody, F. H.  
 Payson, Mrs., Foxboro'  
 Payson, Mrs. G. R.  
 Payson, Miss S.  
 Peter, F. A.  
 Parkinson, John  
 Patterson, C. G.  
 Payson, Mr.  
 Peabody, O. W.  
 Prang, Mr. Lewis, Roxbury  
 Patch, Mrs. Isaac, Gloucester  
 Phillips, James, Jr., Fitchburg  
 Perkins, A. T.  
 Parker, Wilder & Co.  
 Pfaff, J.  
 Pray, John H., Sons & Co.  
 Pfaff, Mrs. Catherine  
 Paine, Mrs. R. T.  
 Peabody, Henry W. & Co.

Parker, H. D.  
 Procter, Thomas E.  
 Pfaff, Henry  
 Phillips, E. Burt, Cambridge  
 Poor, Mrs. Henry V., Brookline  
 Pierce, S. S.  
 Priest, J. L.  
 Parker, George  
 Parker, Mrs. Elizabeth  
 Pierce, T. W.  
 P. H.  
 Port Warden Society, Boston  
 Putnam, George  
 Pierce, Mrs. Silas  
 Plummer, George  
 P. J. F.  
 Peters, George E.  
 Pond, Mrs. V. S., Foxboro  
 Pomeroy, A.  
 Pray, B. S.  
 Pearson, F. S.

**Q**

Quincy, Edmund, Boston  
 Quincy, Mrs. H. P., Dedham

**R**

Rice, Alex. H.  
 Russell, Mrs. H. G.  
 Rogers, W. C.  
 Rogers, J. C.  
 Riley, G. W. T.  
 Robbins, R. E., Waltham  
 Richardson, S. W.  
 Rollins, E. L. & F. S.  
 Rice, N. W.  
 Richardson, Mrs. T. P., Lynn  
 Roessle, J., Boston.  
 Russell, Mr.  
 Ranney, W. M.  
 Russell, C. F. & T. H.  
 Robinson, David I., Gloucester  
 Rich, I., & Co.  
 Richardson, F. L.  
 Reed, Mrs.  
 Richards, Henry J.  
 Richardson, Wm. Fox  
 Reed, Clarence G.  
 Reinhardt, J. W.

**S**

Sears, Mrs. J. M.  
 Sewall, S. E.  
 Smith, E. W.  
 Smith, Mrs. Lizzie B.  
 Sweet, Mr.  
 Stetson, Mrs. E. P., Walpole  
 Storrow, Charles  
 Sturtevant, Mr.  
 Sumners, Mr. S.  
 Smith, E. M., Boston  
 Sears, Mrs.  
 Sears, J. M.  
 Stearns, Mrs. C. H., Brookline  
 Sleeper, S. S.  
 Smith, Mr. F., Boston  
 Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph  
 Slade, Geo. F.  
 Sargent, E. P.  
 Sears, Mrs. P. H.  
 Story, F. H.  
 Sherwin, W. F., Prof.  
 Sortell, Daniel R. E., Cambridge  
 Smith, J. G. R.  
 Shirley, G. H., Waltham  
 Smith, A. F., Lynn  
 Smith, D. H., Attleboro  
 Stone, Mrs. J. S.  
 Stearns, Miss M. E., Brookline



Storrow, J. J.  
 Stanley & Co.  
 Swan, W. W.  
 Southers, J. H.  
 Sanderson, Mr. J. F., Boston  
 Speed, Mrs. Fanny, Louisville,  
 Ky.  
 Souther, Mr. J. B., Boston  
 Highlands  
 Salisbury, D. W.  
 Samuel, Prof. H., Kansas City  
 Stickney & Poor.  
 Sears, Miss E. E.  
 S. & P.

Standish, Mrs. L. M.  
 Smith & Engel  
 Sanborn, J. W.  
 Sweet, B. D.  
 Smith, James M., So. Boston  
 Sears, Mrs. Z.  
 Stearns, Mrs. J. P., Brookline  
 Shuman, A. & Co.  
 Slack, Mrs. E. A., Brookline  
 Stearns, Miss M. E., Brookline.  
 Sturtevant, Mrs. B. L., Ja-  
 maica Plain

## T

Thayer, Miss  
 Thayer, E. V. R.  
 Tyson, George  
 Thomas, J. B.  
 Thayer, N.

Thayer, John E.  
 Turner, A. T., Jr.  
 Torrey, M. A.  
 Turner, E. C.  
 Thayer, Mrs. J. H.  
 Taylor, Charles H.  
 Turner, A. M.  
 Thomas, Oscar G., Taunton  
 Thayer, Bayard  
 Thomas, Joseph B.  
 Tilton, S. & Co.  
 Thomas, W. B.

## U

Usher, Samuel

## V

Van Nostrand, W.  
 Vining, Wm. H., Whitman

## W

Whitney, N. D.  
 Weston, Mrs. D. M.  
 Whittemore, Cabot & Co.  
 Whitney, Charles  
 Woodbury, Rufus H., Beverly  
 White, Miss Susan J.  
 Willis, J. D. K.  
 Wanson, A. H., Gloucester  
 Wires, E. I., Milford  
 Whiton, M. F. & Co.  
 Woodbury, H. O., Beverly  
 Wood, Rufus

Wade, L. C.  
 Williams, M.  
 Wilder, Hon. Marshall P.  
 Winsor, H., Jr.  
 Wiog, B. F., Maryland  
 Waitt, Henry  
 Warren  
 Warren, F.  
 Warren, G. H.  
 Williams, C. A.  
 Whitmore, C. O.  
 Wilder, H. A.  
 Wilcox, Mrs. W. H., Malden  
 Whidden, A. J., East Boston  
 Wheeler, Miss S. E.  
 Woods, Henry, Sons & Co.  
 Wilder, Edward B.  
 Wilder, Misses  
 Woodbury, Charles  
 Wales, J. H.  
 Warren, S. D., Estate of  
 Wonson, Arthur S., Gloucester  
 Wier Stove Co., Taunton  
 Waterston, Mrs. R. C.  
 Whitney, Miss M.  
 W. T.  
 Webber, Mrs. A. D.  
 Wilkins, S. F.  
 Whitney, H. M.  
 Winthrop, Hon. R. C.  
 Whitney, R. H.

## LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AT A TIME TO THE HOME.

[Those marked with a \* have deceased.]

\* Brooks, Hon. Peter C.  
 \* Brooks, Mrs. Peter C.  
 \* Tudor, Mrs. Fenno  
 \* Sargent, Mr. Turner  
 \* Healy, Mr. John

Foster, Mr. John  
 \* Sleeper, Hon. Jacob  
 Lawrence, Mr. Abbott  
 \* Lawrence, Amos A.  
 Shaw, Mrs. G. Howland

Brimmer, Hon. Martin  
 Nickerson, Mr. George A.  
 Hartt, Mrs. J. F.  
 Davis, Mrs. E. Sleeper.  
 Fuller, Mrs. C. A.  
 \* Nickerson, A. W.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### THE AGENT AT OUR DOOR.

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BY MRS. ELLA B. GITTINGS.

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IT was a warm July morning, so warm that I felt a throb of pity for cooks and laundresses as I sat down in my shady west room and opened my desk to begin my morning task. I had scarcely taken my pen from the rack when I heard the click of the front gate and glancing out saw a gray-haired woman with a shabby red velvet bag upon her arm.

"An agent," I said, impatiently, to myself, as I went to answer her ring at the door. She held out a scrap of folded paper, saying nothing herself. As I took it I made swift mental comment: "Worse than an agent—a beggar. I wonder how many husbands she has had killed in a mine explosion and how many small orphans there are to be transported East to their friends?"

But no, it proved to be a note from my neighbor in the next block, a hasty pencil scrawl, written in her own characteristic fashion.

She always depended upon my imagination to divine what she omitted to say.

"Please do what you can for her," it ran, "fresh eggs or something. I can't help believing her. Hastily," etc.

I stepped outside and invited "her" to a seat on the veranda. As I did so I gave her the first real notice. She was poorly dressed, but her cotton "mitts" had been carefully darned and her face, though flushed and perspiring, looked like that of a gentle-woman.

"What can I do for you?" I asked. "My neighbor has not explained your errand."

"I only want to sell"—she paused for breath and tried to fan herself with the red bag. A hot wave seemed to creep over me at the sight—it looked so like a flame approaching her face. Stepping into the hall I procured a fan and offered her.

"Please don't think—I am ill"—she continued, in short gasps, "I'm—perfectly well—only I've been—in Colorado but two weeks—and the light air"—

"Do not hasten. Rest a few moments before you tell your errand."



"No—I must be getting on. I stayed too—long with—your friend there. She was so—kind. But I've only made—eighteen cents this morning and—it's nearly ten o'clock. I have needles to sell—and some curline for the hair. I think the needles are good. The points seem sharp. I don't know much about such things. I never tried to sell anything before."

Her breath was coming to her again.

"You see, it is this way," she continued. "My husband has consumption. He has had it so long that we have used up all our money and the doctor said he might get well in Colorado. Our friends in the church at the East bought us tickets to come out here, and I have a friend who gives us a room in her house, but she is poor, too, and I have to earn something for us to eat. I tried selling these things. I've been out a week and *forty-eight cents* is the most I ever made in one day. I have a little girl besides my sick husband, and food costs so much here."

"You cannot do much with these articles, I fear. There are so many agents."

"I know it," she said, "and nobody knows how I hate to be one. They used to annoy me so. If ever I have a home again I shall feel differently, I think. Many ladies are kind like your neighbor who sent this note to you, but some—well, I wonder if I ever spoke to an agent quite as they speak to me. Pleasant words go so far, even when people do not wish to buy."

"I know," I answered, with a little inward qualm, "courtesy costs nothing, but you must make allowances sometimes. You do not know what the busy housewife may have left behind when she answers your summons at the door. Perhaps the bread is burning in the oven, or a button must be sewed on for the husband who is dressing to catch the train."

Quick recognition glanced from her eyes into mine.

"I know, I do try to make allowance. Such a curious thing happened to me yesterday. Am I taking too much time? Is your bread burning?"

"No; please go on. I have no work that cannot wait a little."

Somehow the thought of the sick husband and the young child waiting patiently in a close room for the return of the mother with a possible forty cents made me feel like a millionaire, though only a moment ago I had felt so burdened by "hard times."

"Well, I called at a house and a little girl answered my ring. 'Can I see your mamma just a moment, dear?' I asked. She stepped into a room and I heard her say, 'Mamma, there's a nice grandma at the door'—gray hairs always mean grandmas to the little ones. I heard the mother say 'O dear!' and heard the scissors drop from her lap as she arose. I felt sorry I had come, but it was too late. I told my errand as quickly and politely as I could. Her face gathered a dark frown. 'No; I wouldn't buy any needles to save your life,' and the door slammed in my face. I felt so hurt that it required a good deal of resolution to enter the next house, but there I was kindly re-

ceived and they asked me to rest. When I came out the woman who had been so rude stood at her gate and called to me. She asked me to come back to her house as she wished to talk to me. At first I refused, but she begged it as a favor and I went. She had a nice lunch spread, to which she insisted that I should sit down. She begged my pardon for her rudeness, and wished to know what necessity forced me to canvass from house to house in such hot weather and for such small profit as she knew I must make on my needles and curline. I told her my story. 'Now,' she said, 'I will tell you mine.'

"She opened her purse—she had already taken a case of my needles, for which she paid me a dollar and would accept no change—and showed me its contents, a generous roll of bills. 'You see,' she said, 'that I have plenty of money. When that is gone I can have more. Everything I need which money can buy is mine, but I am very unhappy. Perhaps I ought not to tell you, but I will. My husband is not kind to me. From the moment he enters the house until he leaves it there is one continual stream of faultfinding. I can do nothing to please him, no matter how hard I try. He had been gone but a short time when you came to the door, and he was uncommonly bad this morning. I was so angry and hurt at his treatment that I scarcely knew what I did, and so I vented my spleen upon the first object that came in my way. After you had gone and I thought how cruel I had been I could not rest until I had begged your forgiveness, and so I set my little girl watching for you. I hope it will be a lesson to me. I do not wish to be unkind to any one.'

"Poor woman! I, too, had learned a lesson, and, as I went away from her house, I thought I would not exchange places with her for all her precious money. And, as you say, I try to think what may be 'left behind in the house' when people are not pleasant to me. Now, if you will forgive my taking so much time and would like to see my needles"—

She told me more of her story as she displayed her wares, but I need not repeat it here. It was the old, old story, so cruelly new, of unexpected reverses of fortune and utter incapacity to meet them. It was so little I could do, only to purchase some of her wares, pick her a handful of flowers and send the fresh eggs to her sick husband, but she went on her way smiling and grateful, saying, as she bade me a courteous farewell: "The kind words help me as much as the money. It is so lonely here among strangers. Sometimes I almost lose heart and doubt if God is good."

I, too, learned a lesson that morning, or, rather, recommitted a half-forgotten one, and as I returned to my morning task those words of Lord Houghton's kept running in my mind:

"An arm of aid to the weak,  
A friendly hand to the friendless,  
Kind words, so short to speak  
But whose echo is endless.  
The world is wide, these things are small—  
They may be nothing but they are all."

—*Congregationalist.*

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Silver spoons and forks may be kept bright by leaving them for several hours in strong borax water. Have the water boiling hot when the silver is put in.



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

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**L**IKE a cradle, rocking, rocking  
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
 Like a mother's sweet looks, dropping  
 On the little face below,  
 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning  
 Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,  
 Falls the light of God's face, bending  
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
 Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
 Are the ones that tender mother  
 Holds the closest, loves the best;  
 So, when we are weak and wretched,  
 By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
 Then it is that God's great patience  
 Holds us closest, loves us best.

O, great heart of God, whose loving  
 Cannot hindered be, or crossed,  
 Will not weary, will not even  
 In our death itself be lost.  
 Love divine, of such great loving  
 Only mothers know the cost,  
 Cost of love which, all love passing  
 Gave a son to save the lost.

—Selected.

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## GRANDPA'S FRESH AIR BOY.

**G**RANDPA BROWN sat very still as he drove home from the city on his great high farm wagon, and wondered how he was ever going to plead his cause when he got back to the farm; not that grandma ever disagreed with him, but this was such an unusual request. It was only that morning that a ragged little bootblack, with pinched, white cheeks, had earned a dime by polishing those muddy boots of grandpa's, and had gone two blocks to get the right change.

"Well, your mother has got an honest little chap, hasn't she?" said grandpa, cheerily.

"Mother's dead!" answered the boy, briefly.

"Well, your father, then."

"Oh, father's dead, too."

"That's hard, little fellow. Where do you live?"

"Down at the newsboys' lodging, five cents a night."

"Bless my heart, but that pinched face of yours doesn't look as if you had too much to eat; how would you like to stay on a farm for a couple of weeks, eh?"

"Like it? Bet your life I'd like it! Say, you ain't one of them Fresh Air fellers, are you? 'Cause, if you are, I'd work so hard! I can work, even if I am little; and I never was in the country."

"Well, well, little chap, we'll see what mother has to say first, and if she's willing I'll drive you home with me some day."

"All right, sir. You can find me any day here by the City Hall, and every one about knows Joe Blake, the bootblack."

So grandpa's heart ached all the way home as he thought of the puny little city youngster, and he knew that tender-hearted Grandma Brown would be willing to take the child and send him back in the fall with healthy, red cheeks, in place of the thin, pale ones.

"He's such a bright little fellow, mother, I know that he won't be in your way, and, besides, you need some one to run on errands for you, and Jerry here wants some one to play with, don't you?"

It was grandpa who was talking, standing in the door of the big, sunny kitchen, where grandma was baking pies, and little four-year-old Jemima, or Jerry, as she was always called, was trying to catch the golden sunbeams.

"Isn't it rather risky, father?" asked grandma, gently, as she deftly trimmed her pies, "to take a dirty little fellow whom we know nothing about?"

"Risky!" broke in daughter Jane, "I should think it was risky! Here father goes to the city, sees a horrid little bootblack, and straightway must have him here for the summer. I'll bet that he swears, and I know that Jerry will never get along with him."

"Oh, yes, mamma, Jerry will get along," called out the cheery little voice.

"See, mother, even the child pleads for the lad; surely one mouth more or less cannot matter, and has He not commanded us to be good to the homeless?"

"He shall come, father," answered grandma, softly.

Daughter Jane was right. It was a great deal of fuss to make over a ragged little bootblack; but how those bright, black eyes of his did shine when he saw the cosy farmhouse, the well-laden tea table, with its snow-white cloth; how he did race through the fields and make friends with the sheep; how old Bowser learned to jump at his call, and oh! how little blue-eyed Jerry did love him! Joe had never seen any one like her before, he confidentially told grandpa. Of course he had seen pretty little girls in the city, but never, never, never before had he felt such soft, golden hair, or seen such smooth, pink cheeks. Morning and night she went with him to drive the cows and to the barn to find the eggs the crafty hens had hidden there, and then, when the chores were done, they would go to the sheep pasture and make a wreath of clover for Jerry's lamb, also called Jerry by his little mistress.

And then the stories that Joe knew about wonderful little girls and sturdy little newsboys! And couldn't he stand on his head and turn such marvelous somersaults that even Jerry, the lamb, stared at him in astonishment! How carefully Joe would lift the dainty little maiden over the muddy places! and even her careful mother grew to trust her to the little fellow. How his eyes did fill with tears when he thought that in a few weeks he must leave it all—the cows and the woods, and the little pigs that grunted when they saw him coming, and, oh, Jerry! How could he ever leave her? He knew that she would cry when he left, and wondered whether Grandpa Brown would ever bring her into the city and let her talk to him, when he would only be the common little bootblack, Joe Blake.

He lay on the hay in the barn one morning, wondering when he would be sent home, when he heard grandpa say to Jack, the hired man: "Jerry is lost; we must go over to the neighbor's fields and look for her!"

Joe felt his heart stand still as he listened, as he sat up and gasped.



"We missed her this morning early, and she must have strayed a good ways by this time," and then grandpa hurried off, and in a moment Joe heard the man go too.

"Jerry is lost, Jerry is lost," was all Joe could think of, as he sat and tried to collect his thoughts. She hadn't gone with him that morning to take the cows to pasture, he remembered; oh, why hadn't he known then that she was lost! Then he suddenly remembered that he was losing time; grandpa and Jack were probably far off by this time. Maybe she had gone to the village, a mile and a half away; he started down the hot, dusty road, but at the village no one had seen her. He went farther and farther down the road, then left it to look helplessly in the woods on either side, if perchance some bright flowers had tempted her there. Noon came, and in the fierce, hot sun he walked on and on, until his feet were blistered and sore and his head ached from the hot glare. He tried to eat the great, luscious blackberries that grew all about, but always the picture of little Jerry's tear-stained face, hungry and tired, came before him, and the hot tears would roll down his face, and he would jump up again and walk farther, resolved to find Jerry before he went home.

All the long summer afternoon he walked, until evening came on, and he knew that at the farm-house the cows were all milked and grandpa would be sitting on the stoop with his pipe. But oh, Jerry, Jerry! how could they when she, with her golden hair was lost. Perhaps she had tried to reach the grove where they had picknicked one day, but Joe stood aghast when he thought that the grove was yet four miles away; maybe if he walked faster he could reach there soon, but oh, how his feet did hurt and how his head did ache and throb. Then the moon came up and the stars came out, and still the boy kept up the monotonous walk, still calling: "Jerry! here, Jerry!" first fast, then slower, slower, until at last, worn out with the day's steady walking, with nothing to eat but the early breakfast at the farm, he stumbled upon a gnarled root in the road and lay there in a half faint, half slumber. Slowly the night passed away, the moon went down, the stars grew dim and across the east a faint gray streak told of the new day coming, and the farmers began to come into the city.

Over at the farm that morning every one wore a sober face; even cheery Grandpa Brown was frowning as he said: "He needn't have gone away as if he had stolen something and without one word of thanks. I don't understand it, mother, I truly don't; he was an upright little chap, and I know he wouldn't have gone away without saying good-bye to Jerry, here, would he, little one?"

"Oh, mamma; oh, grandpa, I know my Joe will come back; I know he will!" wailed Jerry, dismally.

"Oh, yes, he will come back," sneered Jerry's plain-spoken mother, "I always knew that no good would ever come of taking a good-for-nothing ragamuffin and treating him like a prodigal son, and I'm not a bit surprised at the way things have turned out!"

But scarcely were the words spoken when a heavy knock at the open door startled them, and in came Farmer Reed, bearing in his arms such a white, helpless-looking boy.

"Neighbor Brown, this is that city boy of yours, isn't it. I drove in from home this morning, and found him asleep on the road to Deane's Grove, and bless me if I don't think the lad is pretty sick, for not one word has he said but to moan: "Jerry is lost! Jerry is lost!" Sick or daft, I should say."

It was not long before loving hands had bathed the fevered limbs and the throbbing nerves were yielding to the cool, soft touch as he lay in the great white bed in the cosy little room that he had learned to love so much. But ever he moaned and tossed, calling, always: "Jerry, Jerry, don't be afraid, Jerry; Joe is coming to find you!"

At last grandpa turned to Jack hurriedly and asked: "Where was Joe when you saw him last?"

"In the barn, sir, when you came and said the lamb, Jerry, was lost."

"Mother," grandpa's eyes grew very dim, and his voice very low and husky. "I understand it all now. The boy thought that our baby, our Jerry, was lost, and must have been seeking her for hours. Bless the boy, but how his tender heart has been bleeding, while our little one was safe at home."

Then, oh, how tenderly they nursed him through the long, tedious weeks of fever; how at the first sign of recognition they had seated Jerry upon the bedside, and watching the happy gleam as Joe cried: "Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad!"

Now slowly the leaves began to get brown, and the long summer was growing to an end. Meanwhile Joe grew well and strong, and once more drove the cows with Jerry by his side, and wove beautiful wreaths for the little white lamb. How his heart ached when he thought that now in a day or two he must go back to the struggle and work of the city. Then he would give Jerry's hand a squeeze and try to choke down the great sob that would rise.

It was late in September that grandpa one evening said, quietly: "Joe, lad, the fall is here, and I guess it's time for city boys to be going home, eh?"

Then it was that daughter Jane cried, indignantly: "Father, after all that boy has done he shall never go back to that city. He shall stay right here, and no one shall ever say that he wants a home while I have one!"

How grandpa's eyes did twinkle as he looked across at grandma, and Joe, with eyes and heart so full of happiness, only heard Jerry whisper: "We'll never, never, never let Joe go away again; will we, grandpa.—*Troy Daily Times.*

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## INHERITED VICE.

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**I**F a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood, running smoothly from generation to generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good and honest and pure and upright and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in a hereditary line where the influences have been bad, and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down in an over-mastering gravitation, unless some supernatural aid can be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves, not your excoriation, but your pity. Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down upon your knees and thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that juggernaut. But, supposing now that in this age, where there are so many good people, that I



select the very best man. I don't mean the man who would style himself the best, for probably, he is a hypocrite, but I mean the man who is really the best. I will take you out from your elevated surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you in a depraved home. I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in and talk and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house one moral treatise. After awhile you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After awhile you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you are sent out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than for the dog that has died in a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resist some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother was up for drunkenness at the Tombs Court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch." Suppose that had been the history of your advent and the history of your earlier surroundings. Would you have been what you are? I tell you no. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with others.— *Talmage*.

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## SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

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WILL they meet us, cheer and greet us,  
 Those we've loved, who've gone before?  
 Shall we find them at the portals,  
 Find our beautified immortals,  
 When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken for some token  
 That they live and love us yet;  
 And we ask, "Can those who've left us,  
 Of love's look and tone bereft us,  
 Though in heaven, can they forget?"

And we often, as days soften,  
 And comes out the evening star,  
 Looking westward, sit and wonder  
 Whether when so far asunder,  
 They still know how dear they are?

Past yon portals, our immortals,  
 Those who walk with him in white,  
 Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us,  
 Know they what events befall us,  
 Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us,  
 Those we've loved, who've gone before;  
 We shall find them at the portals,  
 Find our beautified immortals,  
 When we reach that radiant shore.—*J. E. Runkin, D. D.*

## THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

MATT. xxv., 35-40.

[This old hymn was composed by James Montgomery for a ladies' bazaar in aid of Leeds Dispensary, and bore date at Sheffield, England, Dec. 17, 1836. It was put in type by Mills, Jowett & Mills, of Bolt Court, Fleet street, London, and two months later was given to the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.]

A POOR wayfaring man of grief  
 Hath often crossed me on my way,  
 Who sued so humbly for relief  
 That I could never answer nay;  
 I had not power to ask his name,  
 Whither he went or whence he came;  
 Yet there was something in his eye  
 That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He entered—not a word he spake—  
 Just perishing for want of bread;  
 I gave him all, he blessed it, brake  
 And ate, but gave me part again;  
 Mine was an angel's portion then,  
 For while I fed with eager haste,  
 The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
 Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;  
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;  
 He heard it, saw it, hurrying on;  
 I ran and raised the sufferer up,  
 'Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
 Dipt, and returned it running o'er;  
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
 A winter hurricane aloof;  
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
 To bid him welcome to my roof;  
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
 Laid him on my own couch to rest,  
 Then made the earth my bed; it seemed  
 An Eden garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway side;  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Revived his spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;  
 I had myself a wound concealed;  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
 And honored him midst shame and scorn;  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He asked if I for him would die;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, "I will."



Then in a moment, to my view  
 The stranger darted from disguise;  
 The tokens in His hands I knew,  
 The Saviour stood before mine eyes;  
 He spake, and my poor name He named;  
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
 Fear not, thou did'st them unto Me."

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### "THERE'S GRANDMOTHER."

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BY MRS. FRANK BENDER.

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**T**HAT the house was small was a fact that could not be gain-said. There was only the living-room and two tiny bedrooms. Small enough surely for three inmates, but now there were four; for only a month previous to the wintry Sunday on which my story opens Grandmother Hall had come a thousand miles to find a home in this little board shanty on the Western prairie.

A home in which there was no room for her. Perhaps if there had been more love in the hearts of the inmates the walls would have expanded and the ceiling lifted higher, for love can make room for the whole world, if need be. However, the stock on hand was so pitifully small that it did not count for much as an expanding power.

When Tom Hall received the first hint of his mother's change of residence she was already on the train. His brother had written that his wife was sick and could not stand "mother's queer ways," and Alviry (their sister) had a houseful of children, mostly boys, and "mother did not seem to get along well with children," so they had decided to send her to him. Mrs. Hall's black eyes flashed when she read the letter. "I'd like to know where we will put her when she comes. We haven't room enough for ourselves. It's real mean of Jim and Alviry to shove her off on us."

"Well, we can't help it now," said her husband; "I haven't the money to pay her fare back again; she'll have to share Margie's room."

So the tired old traveler came into the little house, and I'm sorry to say she didn't bring any sunshine with her. Hard work and rheumatism had stiffened and distorted her joints, and the ingratitude of her children, with other troubles, had made her that sad object—a fretful, fault-finding old woman.

"They're always doing something nice off there in the towns," said Margie, folding the Sunday school paper she had been reading. "I'd like to do something too, but there's no lame boys here to buy crutches for, and no money to send to the missionaries, and no sick children to give flowers to—and no flowers to give." Margie did not expect an answer because she only said it to herself.

"There's grandmother."

She started as though a voice had spoken the words; but she knew it was only a thought. Her mother was reading and her father taking a nap. Grandmother was looking out over the snow-covered prairie, looking, as she did so often, with a peevish, discontented expression on her face. She never spoke of the homesickness or of

the yearning of her poor old heart for a glimpse of the mountains that surrounded her old home.

"There's grandmother." Margie turned again to the window. She didn't want to be kind to grandmother, she didn't like to be found fault with from morning till night, and sometimes the old lady prodded her with her cane. Once—and Margie's eyes flashed with anger when she thought of it—yes, once she had actually *taken her by the shoulder and shaken her*.

"There's grandmother."

Looking around again she saw two large tears coursing down the wrinkled cheeks. Going into her bedroom she pulled and tugged at a drygoods box that for lack of room had been shoved under the bed; taking out a large Bible she pushed the box back and came into the outer room. She always looked at the pictures in the large Bible on Sunday afternoon, but this time she carried it over to the table, and laying it before her grandmother, said shyly:

"Would you like to see the pictures in our Bible, grandmother? They're awful nice."

"I don't mind if I do. Somehow it seems kind of lonesome here on Sundays without the church bells ringing and the people going by to meeting."

They had quite a nice time over the pictures. When they came to the Babe in the manger grandmother looked at it a long time.

"Poor little Babe," she said, "there wasn't any room for it in the inn! It's mighty hard to feel that there isn't room for you. Jimmy and Alviry both had big houses, but there wasn't room enough for the old mother. S'pose you find the fourteenth chapter of John and read what it says there."

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," Margie read.

"Yes, yes, that's it," said grandmother, "many, many, *many* mansions—there'll be lots of room there for old folks. That'll do for this time."

The next day grandmother's rheumatism was troubling her, and she was very fretful. She wanted to knit, but the stitches would slip off the needles, and she made sorry work trying to catch them up again.

"There's grandmother," said the tiny voice again, and Margie laid aside the pleasant story she was reading, and offered to catch the runaway stitches.

"I don't believe you can," was the ungracious reply; "girls can't do things nowadays like they could when I was a girl."

Margie knew better, and although grandmother had nagged the stitches until they had run at least a finger length down the leg of the stocking, she brought them up loop by loop and hitched them into their places on the needles.

When grandmother got tired knitting and wanted to sleep she rested her head against the window frame. Margie noticed the uncomfortable position, and whispered to her mother: "I wish she had a chair like Mr. Greene made for his wife. It only took a barrel and some legs and an old quilt. Papa could make it easy."

Mrs. Hall raised her eyes from her sewing and looked at the tired, careworn face.

"Go out to the shed and ask him, Margie," was all she said.



The next morning grandmother was childishly happy over her new chair. To her old eyes it was beautiful because it was the outcome of a loving thought. One terribly cold morning when a blizzard was raging outdoors, grandmother complained of cold feet, and when Mrs. Hall saw Margie bring her own little shawl and wrap around them, she suddenly remembered a pair of soft, warm shoes she had once made for her own mother. There was nothing to make them of but a worn-out coat, but when they were finished grandmother said she was as proud of them "as a boy of his first new boots."

It seemed sometimes as though the little house was surely getting larger; but there were days when grandmother's joints ached and she was fretful and unreasonable, and when Margie forgot to listen to the tiny voice within, and wanted to do this, that, and the other thing that she knew would annoy her. Very often she was sorry when it was too late for the little service of love or the kindly spoken word.

One day Margie tied a strand of red yarn around her finger. Grandmother wanted to know why she did so, and Margie wouldn't tell, and grandmother called her a stubborn, saucy girl, and Margie took the string off and threw it on the floor. That night she could not sleep, and after a long while she got up and tiptoed into the living room. There, by the aid of the moonlight, she found the red string, and slipping it on her finger went back to her own room.

"Are you sick, dear?" It was grandmother's voice, but she had never before called her "dear," or spoken so kindly to her.

"No, grandmother; I went after that red string was the whispered reply. "I want to be kind to you always, and I put it on my finger so I wouldn't forget so often."

Grandmother put her trembling hand on Margie's head. "God bless the dear child," she said.

When Margie woke the next morning she thought a very queer thing had happened. The little red string had turned to a circlet of gold.


"Mamma, mamma, come here!" Her mother came, laughing. "Is it mine to keep? Where did it come from?" Margie asked.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered. "It was your aunt Margie's ring; she died when she was a little girl, and grandmother has kept it for thirty years."

"I'll never forget again," said Margie, with shining eyes.

When the sweet springtime came there were only three in the little house, but there was a new-made grave not far away, and Margie was glad that she had listened to the voice that said: "There's grandmother."—*Well Spring.*

## THE LAND WHICH JESUS LOVED.

N all there lies a light that fades not, but grows richer and more radiant with the ages. Zion has heard the sublimest of the prophets say unto her, "Thy God reigneth." The mountains of Judah have been touched by the beautiful feet of Him who brought good tidings and published peace. The ways that converge upon the city have been consecrated by pilgrims' songs, that are songs of cheer and hope for pilgrims of all lands and times. The city is embalmed in the most glorious sacred poetry of the world, so humanly universal,

so divinely immortal, that once man has learned to use it he can never cease to sing. And the land transfigured by these meanings and memories is mightier in spiritual than physical influences; the hands by which it shapes men are moral and religious rather than material and fateful. Its plastic energies are born not of nature but of spirit, and are to the susceptible soul as the inspiration of God, but to the insusceptible soul they are not, or are hardened into institutions and traditions that can neither maintain nor communicate life. — *Fairbairn's Studies of Christ.*

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### THE "COMING MAN."

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A PAIR of very chubby legs  
 Incased in scarlet hose;  
 A pair of little stubby boots,  
 With rather doubtful toes;  
 A little kilt, a little coat,  
 Cut as a mother can —  
 And lo! before us stands in state  
 The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,  
 And search their unknown ways;  
 Perchance the human heart and soul  
 Will open to their gaze;  
 Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
 Will be a nation's light —  
 Those eyes that now are wistful bent  
 On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands — those little, busy hands —  
 So sticky, small and brown;  
 Those hands whose only mission seems  
 To pull all order down —  
 Who knows what hidden strength may be  
 Hidden in their clasp,  
 Though now 'tis but a taffy stick  
 In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,  
 Whose work is yet undone!  
 And blessings on those little feet,  
 Whose race is yet unrun!  
 And blessings on the little brain  
 That has not learned to plan!  
 Whate'er the future hold in store,  
 God bless the "coming man!"

— *The Beacon.*

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TO BEAUTIFY THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle for use. Use a teaspoonful of this with an equal quantity of water.



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

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A little saltpetre, or soda, or a rusty nail, in water to keep it fresh.

A cotton-flannel covering for the broom, to use in "brushing up."

Cleaning plaster of paris ornaments with wet starch, brushed off when dry.

Reviving leather chair seats with white of egg.

Mending torn books with white tissue paper.

Removing grease from garments by sponging with one tablespoonful of salt to four of alcohol.

Rubbing a creaking hinge with a very soft lead pencil.

**TO KEEP THE HAIR IN CURL.**—Take a few quince seeds and soak in water. Wet the hair with this and place it in the position you wish it to have. When dry comb it out and it will remain in curl a long time.

To be a pleasant hostess to a single caller is even more of an achievement than to be one for a roomful of guests. It is a more difficult duty to center your arts of entertainment for the benefit of one person than it is to diffuse them around an assemblage.

Where there are many people together conversation is stimulated, and ideas suggest themselves, and it is the company rather than the hostess that entertains.

The caller should receive the welcome that implies that she is the one person, at that moment, whom the lady of the house desires to see.

Tact and a true kindness of heart, combined with a keen perception of the individuality of the person to be entertained, are the qualities that make the pleasant hostess.

Whitewash spots may be removed by instantly washing them with strong vinegar.

To remove tar put soft grease on the spot, rub it in thoroughly with the hands, then wash the grease and tar out in a basin of warm water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added.

A little borax put in the water in which red-bordered table linen or towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

The clear juice of the pineapple is now considered by some physicians to be the best remedy for diphtheretic sore throat, and even for diphtheria.

Hot alum water is one of the best insect destroyers. Apply with a brush to cracks, bedsteads, or wherever insects are found.

To wash silk handkerchiefs soak them in cold salt water for ten or fifteen minutes; wash them in the same water, and iron immediately.

Rub white spots on furniture with camphor.

Common wheat flour made into a paste with cold water is said to be excellent for removing grease spots.

Brown stains on baking dishes may be removed by dipping a damp piece of flannel in whiting and rubbing well with it.

Brooms put in boiling water once every week will become tough and durable, last twice as long, sweep better and will not cut the carpet.

Yellow soap and whiting mixed to a thick paste with a little water will stop a leak as effectually as will solder.





